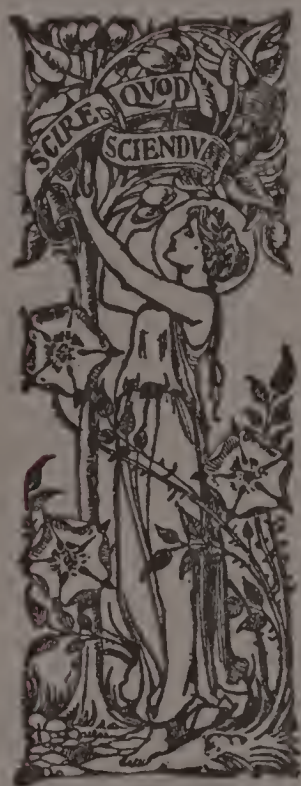
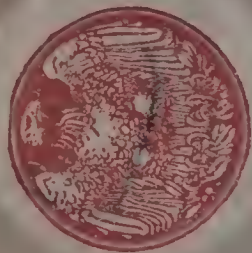


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# ARD SAYINGS



EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



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## HARD SAYINGS



# HARD SAYINGS

BY

*oreph*  
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Author of "WHITE FOUNTAINS" and "DISTANT MUSIC"



BOSTON

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no 1



TO  
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER  
AND  
JOHN CURNOS



## FOREWORD

I met a poor man wandering the road, and after I had given him food and clothing, he showed me these sayings which he had written down. I have not seen him since that winter evening.



## HARD SAYINGS



# I

Dead feet tramping wearily on the road,  
drumming in broken rhythm westward, westward,  
what of the dust you displace on the windy road?  
The cloud of it rises, settles, stirs uneasily,  
sinks to rest again till the next parade.  
But when the storm comes terrible with banners,  
the dust shall remember dead feet tramping the road

## II

Remember me when you shall meet joy on the road.  
Joy is a vulture that feeds on the hearts of giants.  
For joy is a desperate thing.  
I say to you that the joy of a child with a penny,  
the joy of a soldier defeated,  
the joy of a woman with child is a desperate thing.  
Lift up your joy as a sword  
to slay peace that peace may come.  
Commit harakiri and fall on your sword of joy.  
So shall you follow me to a certain star.



### III

In a nerve of my body called London, or New York,  
a channeled purpose floods from my brain with a  
dangerous dream of longing.

I watch its torrent leaping the banks of war and peace,  
seeking an unknown ocean, but lost in strange muddy  
sands.

I have hewn a new channel with my blood out of the  
unveined granite,  
out of my body and spirit's passionate wars.

Enter, London, New York, my wild nerve: struggle  
and foam!

You must follow it in the end, but now it is clean and  
new.

#### IV

Snails with worlds on our backs we are tracing a  
course,  
an inch a century, leaving our track behind us.  
Another inch to the sun from the sandy jungles of  
witchgrass!  
The sun is warming our shells with its ardour now.

## V

Seven years to renew the cells of our body, the cells  
of our spirit.

The old planets, buried or changed, are no longer ours.  
We have woven new eyes and hands in these years of  
conflict.

See and take the new joy and slay the old pleasures.

Rise in the sun and gaze at the light of the zenith.

Trample the chemical dust of your lost illusions.

## VI

If I travel to Cashmere or Aran or sail four seas,  
I am still at home in my body and sit by my fire.  
Smoothing the sods at dusk,  
I creep under the wings of two angels of light and  
darkness.  
Adding a sod in the dawn to the ashen embers,  
I wait for a guest who will share my dangerous fire.

## VII

I shall fold up my tent of sky and pass on in the  
morning,  
leaving a sign of my journey on the road.  
Under the stars of my flesh my will goes onward,  
reading the body's signs, led by a windy flame.  
I am alone, but I shall be glad of comrades,  
who carry tents, but fear not to cast their old skies  
away.

## VIII

He who will shake the tree of death without fear  
shall have strange apples of knowledge in his hands.  
I offer you a sack of your own will  
to store the fruit of forgotten energies.  
Fallen red hopes and faiths are what the wind brings.  
Partake of them, and eat of my flesh and blood.  
The apples of knowledge eaten to the core  
are the food of the poor man who shall inherit the  
Earth.

## IX

With the eyes of a child and the heart of a naked  
beggar,

I wander eastward and westward beseeching your  
wills.

Dry crusts of your longing cast away  
will nourish the poor man who weaves a little new star.  
And his little star will shine in red through your  
windows  
and beckon you to a feast of forgotten angels.

## X

I call you to save the world and yourselves and your  
children's children  
by a tarantella on naked swords of lightning.  
Are there no intrepid ones with a smouldering hope  
who will leap dangerously over the abyss of knowledge?  
What if you fall? You will reach a certain star  
and annihilate its fires with your singing impact.  
It is out of bursting stars that I shall build  
my new kingdom of merciless will to beauty.



## XI

The Holy Ghost is an eagle with thunderbolts in his beak.

He cuts the arc of the heavens with his lightning winnowing ripe faiths and hopes with the wind of his planing wings.

He brings you the rumour of a new terrible will,  
a clean song of triumph for all your body's stars.  
And they shall shout for joy in chorus and antichorus,  
flying out from the nest of two thousand years that  
the storm has beaten down.

## XII

Three million men and three million hopes have fallen  
in triumph singing,  
and the old earth has paled like a moon and flickered  
out.

But we are born again on a strange new star,  
and wander awaiting a compass.  
Steer by the light of your faith, O ship,  
hull down from the port of illusion.  
Steer through the night of the dead,  
and the young sun will arise,  
naked and white and fair, and climb to the zenith.

### XIII

We have shattered our idols with shells in a furious  
anger.

We have striven to kill our faith with a mighty shout.  
Our will is obscured in the battle, and we are numb.

But creation blows through a trumpet riding the  
whirlwind,

and nearer, instantly near the tide of its music rolls.

Now the dead shall arise in our hearts to fight the last  
battle exultant,

and over the waters a calm of white flame brood  
awaiting the end.

## XIV

Men of burning brows, I have read your sentence of  
fire.

Smouldering dust of dust, you carry a message.

And deep in your eyes is the memory of a dream  
that your will once knew, buried in circumstance.

You will see your sign on my face if you will but  
pause.

The will of it will sear you forever, and we shall walk  
foreign ways.

But alone in the thundering heart of the aching city,  
we shall be unanswerable reasons,  
that nothing in the dark firmament dare oppose.

## XV

The stones of the street are dazzling with liberty,  
and bound feet of hurrying damned souls polish their  
surface.

Bend your will to the uncut stone of my heart  
that no frost cleaves,  
and learn the desperate certainty of your star.  
Though we walk alone, we carry the bread of angels.  
Strike stone on stone alone, and kindle the world.

## XVI

I have burned in your flames, my people, for many  
years,  
and I am not yet consumed.  
I gather the fire of love and anger and failure,  
and store it for you in my bosom.  
Wrest my flaming sword from me, for I am the angel  
of Eden,  
and the laughter of our God shall crackle and leap  
and roar  
to the dance of thrones and powers and dominations.

## XVII

I tell you to tighten the strings of your five senses  
and the string of your sixth sense.  
Drain the cup of experience to the dregs,  
and drain it again and again,  
but guard your senses and let them be keen and hard.  
Wrestle with the angel of knowledge till you know  
his every fibre,  
but resist him to the end of the menacing night.  
The brew of the stars is heady and intoxicates  
children.  
Stagger once more to your feet, and with a cry  
walk steadily along the gulf looking fearlessly down-  
ward.  
The light of false dawn with its wind shall be all  
about you.  
Dance on the brink, and leap the abyss at sunrise.

## XVIII

Our parallel lines shall meet in a cross at sunset.  
And when the bugles shrill pain on the last redoubt,  
in the shock of conflict a child shall be born of our  
marriage,  
with flame on his brow and flesh of crucified stars.



## XIX

Here in the streets of the city I follow the huntsman's  
star,  
over the peaks of knowledge and down through the  
valleys of travail,  
shaping a song of steel chill from the waters of  
foresight,  
yielding to none and conquering none, naked of body  
and windswept.  
I call to three sandwichmen in their lonely wisdom.  
They cast their burdens and march with me side by  
side.  
Tramping westward homeless, naked and windswept,  
spattered with mud on our feet and our backs and our  
thighs,  
we march to the bridal-bed of all Messiahs,  
breast to breast in the creamy slime we have chosen,  
and terrible flowers shall spring from our loins in the  
night.

## XX

They would give the dead torso of our world strange  
artificial limbs  
and a head with a clock inside of subtle combinations,  
and embalm this corrupted flesh and deck it with  
strange garments.

But I, a thief in the night,  
shall bear this dung away  
and bury it in the garden of my heart  
to fertilize my harvest,  
while the host of those they have slain  
shall dance the dance of dead bones on its unmarked  
grave.

## XXI

Let us weave the funeral march for the death of our  
world in triumph,  
even-paced, sure-footed, slow, with unbroken rhythm.  
We bury the world in the grave of the hopes and faiths  
we have slain,  
and scatter the seeds of our will on the trampled earth.  
Flowers of flame shall blow in the midnight air,  
and torches of beauty light holocausts on our bones.

## XXII

They gathered the roses of slime while the spring  
triumphed over the storm-clouds:  
now they lie mown in ranks, flowering the land of our  
will.

Of the cut stalks I gather my harvest, and press them  
close to my bosom,  
strong heart to strong heart beating, building the  
firmament of naked steel.

## XXIII

I tell you to see yourselves, your worlds, by outward reintegration.

Build of these fallen bodies a new and armed desire.

Affirm the conflicting tides of war that run in your rushing channels,

force them out from your heart to flood the fen-country of weakness.

Bathe the land with your blood, sweating beauty from every pore.

If you have found your God, wrestle with Him till sunrise.

Give Him your strength, and receive the power that pours from His arms.

## XXIV

A clean-stripped arrow of will hurtling into the pool,  
black with the scum of grey dreams and abandoned  
onsets,

I plunge, and the widening circles catch the sunlight,  
break on the banks of the world in dying music,  
though the dark water-serpent bury me in his coils.  
And the sky shall shout,  
and this clouded disc of a world be never the same.

## XXV

If you find me within you, you find the very piston of  
your own will,  
and I shall obey the word you speak if it be clean and  
fair.

But you must know me such as I am,  
hard and built for your task and that task only,  
nor shall I bear other burdens save at your peril.  
And driven too slow or too fast, I shall wreak your  
own will against you,  
destroy your soul and wait for another will.

## XXVI

The Son of Man has banked the fires of the weak,  
created by the Father from time's beginning,  
with a terrible slacking will for two thousand years.  
And now at a word the weak may arise and marry the  
strong,  
and breed giant sons and daughters for the future,  
walking the world as kings,  
who serve one another with proud humility.



## XXVII

Do not glorify your triumph, O my people,  
but rather glorify your utter defeat.

If you had beheld the struggle from your mountain,  
reintegrating its chaos, erect in the sunlight,  
and thrusting the shock of it like a sheaf of lightnings  
into your hollow bosom,  
your warfare would have ended in a day.

But you went travelling little roads of self-pity and  
petty hatred,  
and lust and vanity and altruism,  
and you have left me a task,  
to gather my wandering sheep into an empty sheep-  
fold.

I shall blow my trumpet afar, and the rumor of its  
call shall overtake you,  
shivering your silence,  
as the cold moon shines on your nude embrace in the  
night.

## XXVIII

Conquered peoples, forget your history.  
You have had magnificent failures, and they have  
kindled your fire.  
But the strength of the conquering strong and the  
strength of the conquered weak  
are as water and thundercloud when interwoven.  
Absorb your conquerors by proclaiming in their  
temples  
the future without a past that extends before us,  
and they shall be one with you,  
and you and they the dancing slaves of your will.  
I say unto you that the Great Wall of China has  
tumbled down.

## XXIX

The Son whom the holy men of the earth put to  
death on a stormy hill  
has forged out of weakness through seventy generations  
a sword to swing on high in the frosty air.  
It is well-tempered and tried with meekness and  
abnegation,  
and with it for seven years we have mown the poppies  
of selfishness down.  
Children against their fathers, and sons against sons  
have struggled,  
and land against land and sea against sea,  
and the sword is harvesting clean.  
Shall we thrust it back in its scabbard,  
or twirling it on the summits,  
swing it straight and far till its steel is shivered in  
the sun?

### XXX

You are climbing a desperate cliff in the cold fog of  
settling illusions,  
step by step cutting the rock with your nails.  
And strange birds hover around and dart down on  
your naked body,  
tearing your flesh with beaks of counsel and ad-  
monition,  
or dropping their excrement of abuse in your eyes.  
And your flesh shivers and strange dreams take shape  
in your brain,  
while the dangerous roar of little men rushes below you.  
But there is a red star above, if you can but reach it.  
When you have plucked that star which is waiting for  
you in the zenith,  
then you may march with me along the road.

## XXXI

Dance on my body, dance on my heart, if you will;  
trample me into the slime, and bury me at the cross-  
roads.

But I have given you a new dream of heaven,  
and lit a flame in you from my heart that you cannot  
extinguish.

And I shall shout as I die:

“Arise from your old dead bodies.

Arise in the dawn with me.

For the wings of God are beating up from the eastward,  
and at noon they shall cover us with their shining  
folds.”

## XXXII

I tell you to draw the arrows and swords upon you,  
rising erect in the morning air of battle.  
Struggle alone on the hilltop encompassed with foe-  
men,  
weaponless save for laughter and songs of joy.  
Be the scourged of men for the sake of the Spirit  
within you:  
shout the fighting song of peace with the last drop of  
blood in your body,  
and free yourself for love of your enemy,  
dark knight of eternity faring onward beside you,  
by inviting the blow of death's silver accolade.

### XXXIII

You ask for miracles, and you do not see them.  
Is not a poem a miracle, or a child?  
The will of a mother shaping her dream in silence for  
    nine months of thirty days,  
or the will of a ruler redeeming the selfishness of his  
    land heavy year upon year,  
if gathered up with faith and love in a single passionate  
    instant,  
would raise Lazarus in his winding-sheet from the  
    tomb.  
But they and we are concerned with our Father's  
    business.  
Nimrod performed a miracle and died.

## XXXIV

Heal yourself by burning away your wounds.  
I am a searing flame to consume your flesh to the bone.  
Lie with me on the mountain in my embrace,  
and wrestle with me till you have conquered my  
semblance.  
You will know me then as an eagle,  
and I shall bear you away.



## XXXV

Woe unto you if you persecute men in my name.  
I tell you to persecute with a quenchless anger,  
but persecute yourselves with the love of me.  
Brand yourselves with the spiral of creation,  
bounding your desires and releasing your one desire.  
Brand yourselves with the cross of your own redemption.  
And brand yourselves with my terrible arch for your  
preservation,  
folded in wings of fire,  
naked body of man to naked body of God,  
begetting new worlds of white music in the night.

## XXXVI

I am come to preserve you now if you will heed me,  
but if all of you stand aside, it may be that this is the  
end of ends.

You have broken the ancient mould;  
you have broken your dreams and poems;  
your music and pictures are gone,  
your cathedrals and systems and prayers.

You have slain the faith and the hope and the love of  
the old grey nations;

you have sold the will of the poor for a copper penny.  
And you have bought defeat and called it victory.

You are slaying words and ideas, and arranging letters  
in battle,

blowing them down with the breath of your strutting  
laughter,

creating new pomps of line and sound to replace them  
in your brain.

I am come to sound my Name at last for your healing  
or your undoing.

Babel is falling westward, and the lower walls you  
built are already ablaze.

Leap from the tower, and I will shelter you from  
yourself in my bosom.

Or do you await the last great war in Hell?

## XXXVII

I have left the house of my people who bore and  
redeemed you.

I have woven a body to enter your ruined home  
and to sit by your dying fire.

I bring you the flesh and blood of the Son, the undying  
will of the Spirit,

and I shall lie with you and preserve your race  
by breeding a child unto you from my shining loins.

But you must consent to the marriage.

Is the bride unwilling to bear her Lord a son,  
and must I wander the roads seeking another star?

## XXXVIII

Men and women of Europe and little children,  
you have gathered a life of awful grandeur during  
these years of endurance,  
and I shall try to assume my share in reaping the  
harvest for you.

A child of light has been conceived in your womb,  
but are you prepared to rear him?

Will you accept the charge of his destiny?

You and I are cells of his flesh, dreams of his longing  
spirit.

Let us shape our dreams to the end of ends with the  
will to redeem our creation,  
or we shall fail more terribly than the fallen sons of  
the morning.

## XXXIX

If you are a lonely star  
and cannot share your joy with a spouse or a friend,  
and have no moons,  
store your light and shed it over the darkness  
that stretches before and behind you year upon year.  
Project one quenchless ray with faith and love  
for fifty aching years through the void around you,  
and you will be the guide in eternity's zenith  
of a river of human stars whom you may redeem in  
the end.

## XL

Obey the foolish that you may comprehend them.  
Folly is often compounded of simple things,  
and belongs to the simple of heart.  
It is a privilege that must be won.  
Afterwards perhaps you may throw it away,  
or bestow it with a smile on a little child.

## XLI

I am a man of my time, though perhaps of another  
also,  
and I will sing my songs and fight my battles  
in the way you have taught me to sing and to fight  
among you.

But remember that I am also an affirmation  
of all the angels and devils you have created,  
and on your bosom I set my seal of eternal conflict.

## XLII

You are moulded of dust and of flame;  
dust to conceal your dream,  
flame to consume your desire.  
I am peering into the shadows of your heart,  
and I tremble at what I perceive.  
An angel of light guards your heaven with his sword,  
and would shield you from the hell of your own  
refusal.  
And all the white channels of your body and spirit  
are striving with all their force  
to create a symphony imaging your conflict.  
The music awaits its final resolution.  
Wrest his sword from your angel, and conquer your  
dream.



### XLIII

You hold in your hands the reins I have given you,  
and you must drive till you die the flaming horses of  
the sun.

They are horses of war and peace,  
the dark horse and the white,  
my beautiful curvetting steeds.

I give you the track of fire you must follow,  
but woe unto you if you wilfully tangle the reins!  
You will fall from your chariot headlong into the hell  
of everlasting absence and denial.

## XLIV

You say you would be alone.  
But everything within and without, cities and  
constellations,  
laughter and friend and foe, are woven into your fibre.  
They are waiting for you to sing their song,  
they are waiting for love and pity,  
waiting for strife, waiting for singing conquest.  
I laugh in your heart as I wait,  
and the cool night of my wings veils your troubled  
wonder.  
Give me your hand, and we shall go onward together  
in the streets of the poor who wait for our shining  
message.

## XLV

The whole of heaven lies in the silver cup of your body  
in living splendor.

Wander its pulsing streets in gentle silence,  
and you may pour out your heaven in light about you,  
yet be the richest of men, though you give it away.

## XLVI

Live the life of the morning stars in chorus,  
drown their song with the tides of your heavenly  
laughter.

Pour out your soul with a cry of joy on the darkest  
corners of secret misery,  
and the pinions of your pain will soar with you  
into the terraced heaven of my heart.

## XLVII

You are a very old world, to be sure,  
but I wish the day would come of your second childhood.

Can you not find a beggar's crust of illusion on the  
road,  
and eat it in my name with a little faith  
though it be crusted with mire of doubt and falsehood?

When you are poor in knowledge and have eaten the  
bread of illusion,  
you may create your dream and share its reality.  
Don Quixote was the true knight of my grail.

## XLVIII

You speak of Prometheus perhaps,  
but have you, I ask, ever stolen a spark of fire?  
The flame that warms leaps out of generous error,  
and out of that holy folly alone shall come  
the men who will find pure fire and kindle the world.

## XLIX

Wander the stormy road seeking alms of strangers,  
begging the crust of knowledge and love from murderers and thieves,  
sharing the dream of the prostitute and the statesman,  
seeking a little ray in the darkest alleys.  
So shall your innocence outlive your childhood.  
So shall your dream be immortal,  
your desire never come to an end.

## L

If our fathers invented cathedrals and epics and  
gravitation,  
perhaps they were only the dreams of a passing age.  
Euclid projected geometries, Buddha theologies,  
and they were born full-grown, yet they are dying.  
But death is the living widener of horizons.  
What if Rheims and geometry are passing?  
Their twilight offers you a new dimension.



## LI

Five hundred years have passed since you made your  
first discoveries,  
and you have been broadening ever since,  
but losing the depth of the spirit from whom you came.  
You have stumbled upon the old dimension at last,  
but unless you have care, you will make it a toy of  
your brain.

I bring you news from afar of a certitude,  
contained in the coming instant when you shall know  
that all the lands and peoples of this world,  
all stars and solar systems,  
wax and wane in your blood and in mine alone,  
and if we redeem their births and crucifixions  
as they flood in the very cream of our holy loins,  
singing and dancing together as one in the morning,  
we shall return to our kingdom as conquerors,  
and blow the red battlements of illusion down.

## LII

Onward you rush underground,  
strange men in winding sheets reading papers in every  
tongue,  
eaten by worms of knowledge in the shadows,  
craving you know not what in the speed of the train.  
I would tear away your clothing and pour light upon  
you,  
that you might live in a world of singing stars,  
rushing on in the gladness of the morning,  
bearers of tidings, and tidings yourselves,  
to our Father aloft in the dayspring.  
And I could use you to heal other dying stars,  
if you would consent to the gentle task before you.

### LIII

Europe, my little child, do you know how I see you?  
You are a homeless traveller wandering naked in  
winter,  
eating your hands and arms,  
and stanching your blood with ice that you may not  
die.

I will send you manna from heaven,  
I will give you my body and blood,  
and my dreams and longings,  
if you will lift up your eyes and forget yourself for a  
moment.

Turn away if you must,  
but I could save you ten thousand years.

## LIV

Do you know that your eyes as I gaze in their depths  
are the wings of an archangel,  
beating under your forehead, upholding the world of  
your dream?

I have given them charge over you,  
and you cannot fall from the sky without my knowledge,

and you cannot fall from the sky without your will.

My knowledge and your will shall be one and the  
same,

the ebb and flow of a single tide, if you hearken  
and do what we both have dreamed since you broke  
away.

The Father and I are lonely,  
since you ran away to sea one ancient morning.

## LV

You are scattered and lost, and you wonder what  
drives you onward,  
blind and deaf and dumb, toward a certain flame.  
And some of you fear that flame and call it hell,  
and others long for its warmth and call it heaven.  
But I tell you neither to fear it nor long for it.  
You are that flame.  
Use its unquenchable torrent  
to flood this world with the tide of your own redemp-  
tion,  
and then in one final effort  
create Me among you to burn for ever and ever  
in the rising flood of one crystal symphonic chorus.

## LVI

I walk in your light and shadow as under the smoky  
lamps of a sleepless city.  
My feet beat a march on the pavement of your hearts  
in an even and fanciful rhythm.  
It has been a long night, and I have been lonely and  
cold,  
and now I am hungry and beg you for food and shelter.  
Only a crust and a word in this shivering light of false  
dawn,  
but if you hearken in kindness,  
I shall bring you the sunrise,  
vibrant with all fulfilment, and radiant with wings.

## LVII

Why will you crucify each other with rivets of steel,  
binding men and women and little children  
in canyons of dust and ashes and bitter toil?  
Crucify me instead for your own salvation.  
Crucify me again and again,  
crucify me day after lingering day.  
You cannot change all at once, nor is such my will.  
But turn your world of enslaving machines upon me,  
remembering why I suffer for your redemption,  
and the day will come when your machines will die.  
They have not stolen your souls as yet, remember.  
I will serve you more faithfully than these gods will  
ever do,  
should you let them be born for your everlasting  
destruction.

## LVIII

The past and the present are made of your differences.  
You are little worlds revolving in isolation,  
whipped like tops by the devil who is an artist.  
But your speed is slackening now, and you are beginning to wobble.

Before your dance is over, accept my whip.  
It will sting you and flay you at first with a cleansing fire,

but you will dance on forever as one world,  
with a joy that no effort can tire,  
no doubt can ever destroy.

For you will be mine at last,  
one planet of liquid ardour,  
one body, one soul, one song,  
one tide of light rushing over the dykes of Hell.



## LIX

I am building a body of clay for my task in you,  
and it shall be ribbed with fire.  
Consumed you shall never be,  
but the wind of my passion shall cleanse you of little  
loves and of little hatreds.  
We shall leave home behind and the gods of the hearth,  
and take a well-tried staff for our long dark journey.  
We shall go through sleet and hail,  
and the stones shall bruise our bleeding feet in the  
night,  
but there are lambs to find,  
and I need companions on my bitter road.  
Cast your desire away as an alms when a stranger  
meets you,  
and I will give you a will of steel to gather your dreams  
together.  
And if you fall with faith in the press of their sudden  
coming,  
you shall rise again with a shining star in your hand.

## LX

You are an orchestra playing my tragic music,  
and if a fiddlestring snaps the music still goes on.  
I tell you to tighten your strings for my cry of triumph,  
tighten them well to share the pain of the other  
strings.

Use the bow of your will with the gentlest but firmest  
cunning,

keep the time I set for the world which is your stage,  
and yield the finest tone your wood conceals,  
strange instruments I have made.

For you are born to create a new Jerusalem  
from the stones I have hewn with my eternal labour,  
and it must arise with music to the stars.

But if you build a Babel in your pride,  
woe to you and your sons and your children's children.

You and they shall wander alone in the night  
without speech or sight

in the icy Hell of your everlasting longing.

## LXI

Cease to strive for your separate existence.  
You have been splitting your soul into tiny atoms,  
and splitting those atoms again,  
and you call this originality.  
But you will never find the ultimate atom of life  
which is really you.  
I can show you another way,  
the way of the man who rules his own soul in white  
humility,  
that he may know the world and contain it all in his  
heart.  
Accept the world of men and women and children,  
of saints and artists and prostitutes and thieves,  
the generous world that would conceal its beauty  
in the mantle of poverty and evil semblance,  
and drain its cup to the last sweet and bitter dregs.  
Let your heart and your brain be the living city of  
men,  
with all the waves of conflict that flood their red  
thoroughfares,  
and integrate this world in the madness of a creation  
that you would die to mould.  
You will lose yourself in its life, and know what is  
yours no longer,  
but Europe and Asia shall hymn the living grail in  
your bosom,  
and you shall contain the mighty city of God.

## LXII

You say you do not believe in Hell,  
but I say unto you that you live in a hell of longing.  
The god to whom you consent to fling a contemptuous  
bone  
is a kindly watch-dog, you say,  
and too charitable to create an eternal hell.  
But how can I offer you my charity if you refuse to  
take it,  
or even to look at my face when I pass on the road?  
You separate yourselves and your children from me,  
and offer your gifts of cast-off useless trinkets  
to a grocer's god you have made yourselves out of  
your silly pride.  
I do not know him, for he has no part in the splendour  
of my heaven.  
But he may rule forever if you like  
in the tinsel hell of absence you are building  
with the indomitable will I have set in your bosom.

### LXIII

You are a new world pouring out of my heart.  
I am shaping you from the chaos that you have made  
out of the world you lived in through years of warfare.  
I find you soft to my hand and very bitter,  
but you can be moulded if you accept my will.  
You have made the bitterness of war for yourselves,  
and now you are making a darker bitterness,  
and you call it peace.  
Truly I fear that you are a brew of gall.  
But because I love the cup which my hands have  
shaped,  
I will drain your draught to the dregs and take all  
your sins upon me.  
All I ask is: remember me in the night  
When you lie in the warm embraces of your spouse,  
and in the day when you sit with your children at  
table.  
And remember me when I shall knock at your door,  
for I shall have brought you home out of winter  
shipwreck.

## LXIV

If a stranger snatches your pennyworth of joy,  
which you have been hoarding to spend in the booth  
of the fair,  
do not weep and bear anger against him forever.  
Perhaps he was poorer than you,  
and at any rate you are one with him,  
and you may share in his pleasure,  
and so it shall be returned to you,  
and he have no profit of it.  
Or if you have a penny  
and cannot spend it upon your desire,  
or know not what your desire is nor how to attain it,  
give your unknown joy to a child,  
or offer it to the men of your time in service.  
I tell you a joy which is thwarted throughout a man's  
lifetime  
shall shine eternally as a star in his heart.  
You cannot slay a joy, but you may put it to sleep,  
and it shall awake and rise with the sun immortal  
after its passionate dream of a thousand years.

## LXV

The saints have seen the body and blood of God in the  
heart of a flower,  
but I have seen His sacred Limbs erect  
in the naked body of an ulcerous beggar  
shameless on the sand of a city beach.  
And I have seen His forgotten Eyes in those of a  
treaty-maker  
chewing a fat cigar on the deck of an ocean-liner.  
And I have seen His smile of utter sadness  
on the countenance of a ragged prostitute in the Mile  
End Road.  
And I see His look of longing and regret  
in your face as you sit in the tram,  
and I dream of the Face you image,  
dark traveller from the past to a shining present  
you fear to face with your eyes uplifted bravely.  
Let us go together with the same driving hunger,  
subjecting our little wills  
to the terrible will for happiness  
that spurs us onward across horizons to our doom.  
For the doom we might choose is attired with burning  
rainbows,  
the doom we should spurn is a little thing soon con-  
sumed.

## LXVI

The trumpets of scorn are blowing in the sunset,  
and your God sinks in the sky of your vain regret.  
The tawdry banners of insolence wave proudly,  
and the streets of the city resound with your idle  
cheers.

But I walk alone in the gutter unseen and forsaken,  
I who bring you the sun and the moon and the stars.  
I would shower the planets of love in triumphant music  
over your bodies which dream in the light of noon.  
I would pluck the brightest world in my crown and  
toss it to you for a plaything,  
if you would be children once more and play with  
your lives as a game.

And the victor would be he who gave his life for a  
beggar,  
and in his heart would rise and fall  
the fountain of light and everlasting youth.  
Run to my bosom, children sprung from my loins.  
Lost stars, run to your sun, and I shall warm you.  
I am your sky, and I bend over you with wonder.  
Laugh with me, and you shall be heavens ensphered.



## LXVII

You have built a tower of terrible questionings,  
and you have climbed to its summit and gazed at your  
earth below.

And you are proud to have risen in the world,  
and would lift up the other old nations to your height.  
But I fear you have built upon sand and your tower  
is settling.

You hear strange sounds in the night,  
and the girders of your reason begin to snap  
with the strain you have put upon them.

No birds alight at your turret window,  
the stones of your prison are cold,  
you have lost the key.

I bring it to you if you will only take it,  
the key you fashioned yourselves  
for the door that leads back to the garden,  
the garden you left one ancient day and that still is  
waiting for you.

I have sprinkled it every day with my blood,  
and you shall pluck the flowers  
if you will turn back and leave your tower behind.

## LXVIII

You are a drowning world,  
and you are a world My hands have created from  
nothing to be drowned.  
But will you be drowned in the Light of My Body  
reflected  
in the light you might shed in waves of warmth in  
each other,  
or is it your desperate will  
to be drowned for ever and ever in your own fire?  
The choice is your own.  
for I have dowered my children with the free will  
to choose Me or themselves for their final goal.  
But if you choose the dark flame of your lonely self-  
satisfaction,  
its terrible fire will burn in you forever,  
the fire of the lost desire you have forsaken,  
and you shall not be consumed.  
For the sons and daughters of the Most High are  
immortal,  
sprung from the golden loins of eternal Light.

## LXIX

If one of you has beheld my speed for a moment,  
and the flaming instancy of my following feet,  
arrest the world which reflects me in its passing  
with all your will in a single moment of action,  
for when the time is at hand, I shall give you the power.  
Stop the earth in its course like Joshua,  
and offer it up in your heart  
with its dreams and its sins and its beauty,  
its triumphs and failures and daily incarnate redemp-  
tions,  
offer it up as your own very heart pulsing with bitter  
anguish,  
as I have offered it up to My Father when I was hung  
on the tree.  
For one that surrenders his world to me,  
or surrenders it to his brethren,  
ten shall follow,  
and ten follow each of them.  
And they shall be weaving new intercrossing orbits,  
until the nations at last shall be one shining body,  
reflecting my hands and my arms,  
my head and my neck and my shoulders,  
my breast and belly and loins,  
my legs and feet, my thighs and creative organs,  
heart beating unto My Heart in a final assumption,  
the marriage of God and man in the brooding heaven  
of our silence,  
and we shall conceive the new dream that I have  
desired always,  
but refrained from bearing that you might share in  
my joy.

## LXX

You have had kings and emperors and republics,  
and you have been ruled by the tyranny of license.  
And now you would have a soviet of labour,  
and perhaps you are coming nearer to your dream.  
I had a city once for a little while  
that had wearied of many rulers,  
girdled with sun and snow in a laughing plain.  
Its name was Florence,  
and now it is the grave of triumphant failure.  
But four hundred years ago when it had grown old  
and wise,  
my gonfalonier Niccolo Capponi,  
intoxicated with spiritual freedom,  
stood in the council room of the golden city,  
and knelt on the cold grey stones in humility,  
calling upon his people to choose a king.  
And on a summer day in the open square  
the people of Florence chose me as their King,  
and inscribed my name on their palace wall with  
cheering,  
and inscribed my name on the walls of their heart  
with joy.  
They have forgotten me now as you have forgotten,  
but I still wander seeking my lost crown.  
O my children, if you will only elect me,  
if you will give me a trial,  
I shall be a gentle and tender ruler.  
Crown me with thorns if you will,  
but the thorns shall put forth roses,  
and they shall shed dew upon you,  
and we shall build the land of eternal youth.

## LXXI

Blow your trumpets, but we will ring our bells.  
Burn our bodies to ashes and slay our children,  
but you shall never consume the substance of our  
dream.

We have dreamed of our God in the night  
and walked with Him in the day.

We have gathered out of your bitter persecution a  
will that walks on the waters,  
and builds a city not made of human hands.  
Its walls are rising out of the sea of our tribulation  
to the symphony of our faith and our passionate  
prayer.

Your tides may flood it now,  
but the work of our will is ascending,  
and the day will come  
when you will knock at the gate with tears and in  
sackcloth,  
and we shall open the gate of our shining city,  
and the fort of the Holy Ghost, your august  
Preserver,  
shall be your refuge and home  
in the terrible war of the nations which is at hand.

## LXXII

What are you doing, my children?  
What are you doing to one another,  
and what are you doing unto yourselves in the madness of your strife?  
I want lambs, and not wolves.  
Strong and terrible lambs, if you like,  
but terrible with meekness and innocence.  
You may look in the eyes of a tyrant without flinching,  
but which of you dare peer into the depths of the eyes of a child?  
Which of you dare gaze in the eyes of a virgin naked to your lust, and not turn away?  
Do you think I have moulded the will of the weak for all these generations  
that you may use it to slay yourselves body and soul?  
When you have bathed your anger in my waters,  
you shall be given the sword of the archangels,  
and then you are free to slay.  
But then you shall slay your pride and your evil passions,  
and enter my city in triumph  
as the laurel-crowned conquerors of your own will.

### LXXIII

You cry for a soviet,  
but will you work for yourselves or work for each  
other?

I think you will never be happy  
till all of you work in peace by the sweat of your  
brows.

And your reward will not be money and pleasure,  
nor fame nor splendour nor power,  
but to gaze in the eyes of your comrades  
and see my Eyes enthroned there  
in the common love you will have for one another.

## LXXIV

The conquered lead their conquerors behind them,  
and they may win redemption from their pain.  
But you, their conquerors, have taken their sins upon  
you,  
not in humility but satanic pride,  
and you are in deadly peril from yourselves.  
The nations you have defeated mourn in sackcloth,  
and turn their eyes in contrition to My Father.  
And they have forgiven your sins  
as they hope to be forgiven by you and Me.  
But when you stole their birthright  
and set the seal of your bitter hatred upon them,  
you grasped as well at their terrible lust for power,  
and now you are stonier far than they had dreamed.  
And when the line is drawn for the last great battle  
of evil,  
it will be fought on your fields,  
and you will go down forever unless you change.



## LXXV

You are the creditors of the fallen nations,  
and you are the steward of your little world.  
If you have forgiven the debt of their daily and hourly  
stubborn crucifixions,  
will you not forgive the tinsel debt of transitory gold  
that is crushing their bodies under its awful burden?  
I fear the day will come  
when you will cry out in anguish for forgiveness,  
and perhaps they will not forgive on that day,  
as I forgive if you ask me,  
but bury you forever under their iron shields.

## LXXVI

If you heed my words, and hand them on to your children,  
do not add to their meaning the practical wisdom of organizing men.

If I give you my heart,  
why should you mingle it with the chemistry of your brain?

The message I bring to you admits of no qualification,  
and you may not choose the part of it which you like,  
and forget the rest with a smile.

Set my few words in your heart for meditation,  
but do not construct philosophies to fit them,  
nor write vast commentaries to bury them in your darkness.

Make My Word flesh in deed, and not in pride.

## LXXVII

I tell you a secret that I have guarded long,  
and it is a golden secret of glad tidings.  
You are the servants and handmaids of the Lord,  
and if your desire is pure and a single flame,  
the Holy Ghost shall come in the night upon you,  
and you shall conceive in your spirit  
the Word of God and the Only Son of the Father,  
and bring Him into the world for man's salvation.  
For my Heavenly Father shall sow His Seed in the  
soul of His earthly lover,  
and your soul shall bear fruit and present the world  
with joy.  
And if you are no longer virgin,  
your love shall transmute your knowledge,  
and if you are weak, your faith shall make you strong.

## LXXVIII

The pendulum's arc diminishes to a hair's breadth,  
and life's last pulse beats weakly in our void.  
Let us build a wind of our cool and close-pent passion,  
and in our dying,  
chained to the instant's point, burst our fetters clean.  
So shall there be a new pendulum in the zenith,  
swinging with measured music from east to west,  
weaving a planet of golden singing conflicts.

## LXXIX

A wind shall come out of the night and shake great  
branches,

and a shower fall of pentecostal rain.

And in the north dull fires of anger shall smoulder,  
and in the south an evil harvest be blasted.

And in the east the sons of the morning shall gather,  
and in the west the dark battalions of evil.

And earth shall be a stricken gong of terrible dying  
music.

And light shall go out of the sky.

I will hang in the midst with my arms to either horizon,  
my head in your zenith,

my feet in the brooding nadir of your desires.

And you shall struggle around me,  
strange shadowy passionate armies,  
fighting to gain or to lose

the tree upon which I hang.

But I tell you upon that day the tree shall grow out  
of your hearts,

and I shall be within you  
shaping the course of your blood.

And if you will crucify yourselves on that tree,  
which is the tree of knowledge of which you have eaten,  
and offer your body and blood with me for your dream,  
the tree shall put forth blossoms,

and you shall shine with the glory of your conquest,  
lighting my heaven with a new loveliness,

and we shall arise together in our youth,

and build a new universe with the morning stars of  
our joy.

## LXXX

You have developed your senses perhaps,  
but I tell you to look for a new sense.  
Were it not for your sense of touch,  
you would live in a world of two dimensions,  
yet you will only believe in that which your eyes  
can see.  
I am bringing you every day the gift of this new sense,  
the sense of grace which transcends your three dimensions,  
and opens my heart to you if you will accept it.  
Yet few of you stretch out your willing hands  
for the key of eternal beauty and repose.  
It opens the door of the land of immortal sunrise,  
with rose-flushed peaks of wonder ever transformed.  
And it is a land of transcendent golden tides,  
weaving inward and outward a quiet music,  
one with my heart, pulsing my secret Name.  
I call to you softly, O firstlings of my flock,  
your Shepherd is piping a song of dying tone.  
And the twilight falls over the worshipping fields,  
and there, rising low in the east, is your little new star.

## LXXXI

My people of Europe, a man came out of the West  
who spoke my will, though not in humility,  
but his heart was kingly, his dream was for your  
service.

And he entered your cities in triumph, and you  
strewed branches before him,  
and he sat at your table and hearkened unto your  
scribes.

And they cheated him at your bidding with fair words,  
for the West believes in words, and holds to their  
meaning.

And in his name you slew the peace of the world,  
and the unborn peace of your children conceived in  
his message.

And now you cry out that the West has left you alone,  
and so it has always been.

You would hallow with words the Father who is in  
Heaven,

and slay his Son upon earth with your holy speeches.

And when the flame of the Holy Ghost would descend  
upon you,

you legalize your apostasy in a code.

You have slain peace this day for many generations,  
and yet I would offer you another chance.

How long will you keep thanking Me in public that  
you are not as other men?

The spit of your mouth is corruption, and yet you are  
glad.

## LXXXII

You cry in your pride that you have won a war,  
and that you have saved your children's heritage.  
but I tell you that you have sold it for a penny  
in the market of cast-off spiritual garments,  
and spent your penny upon a trinket of brass.  
Say what you will, the Galilean has conquered.  
The dream He died to save is surging westward  
in a slow triumphant tide without foam or sound.



### LXXXIII

I hang on the windy hill of your mirthless laughter,  
and wait for the end in bitter agony.  
And on my left is the cross of My Father's anger,  
on which some of you shall be crucified with despair.  
And on my right is the cross of My Father's mercy,  
on which some of you shall be crucified with joy.  
And the wood on my left shall burn with you in the  
dark fire of your longing,  
and the wood on my right shall flame with you in the  
golden fire of my love.  
And this Calvary I announce is a sign unto all the  
nations,  
and when it shall come to pass, you shall remember  
my words.

## LXXXIV

You wander through the streets of your smoky cities,  
grimed with power and shadowed with evil dreams,  
armies of men who have forsaken your leader,  
hosts of the blind in a land of dark illusion.

And I am walking your streets as one of you.

And step by step with each of you I see  
two angels walking in silence,

one in white with a cross,

and one in red with a sword to offer you.

On the cross you may slay your bodies, and free your  
souls.

With the sword you may slay your souls and degrade  
your bodies.

But I walk alone with my cross, and no one sees me.

I walk alone in your night,

who would pour the dayspring upon you from my  
arms.

The hour of your choice is at hand

when you shall stand naked before me.

Will you choose the naked lust of eternal fire,

or the naked loveliness of your ancient bodies,

with the seed of the Heavens implanted in your loins?

## LXXXV

Europe, poor conqueror, split into countless bodies,  
you are rotting and crumbling in your grave.  
And all of you have a secret gnawing worm  
which is hatching larvæ out of your green corruption.  
Tomorrow you shall arise from your mouldering  
coffins,  
and dance the terrible dance of death in the streets of  
your fallen cities,  
blowing with skeleton lips on ghostly trumpets  
dying symphonies of forgotten sound.  
Hearken now in the night to your fallen armies  
dancing with clouds of flies creeping over the stench  
of their slime.  
“We are what you shall be,” they cry in the aching  
darkness.  
“You shall be even as we are  
in the dawn that breaks full soon.”

## LXXXVI

There are nations I know which are proud,  
and which make of their pride a virtue.  
And there is a little country of humble men,  
who fear that they are too proud,  
but they are scattered and dwell in many lands  
and are little recked of.  
They are the messengers  
who announce my world in their deeds in many places,  
but only the stones have ears to attend their passing.  
There are many things, O my people,  
which pride will not let you do,  
but the humble and poor of heart are fitted for any  
action  
by the freedom of their golden humility.  
Learn to rule your heart and your will,  
and you shall rule the outer world with firmness,  
for it will have entered you as its quiet shrine,  
as I shall have entered you and been enthroned.

## LXXXVII

Fear the man who prays for righteousness,  
and run to the man who humbly prays for mercy.  
The West has a dream, and the dream has been  
spoken,  
and it is a noble dream  
whose fruits have fallen before they were ripe,  
because its seer spoke in the dangerous name of utter  
righteousness.  
When the West and the world shall hearken unto a  
seer  
who tells his dream in the sacred name of mercy,  
my will and hers shall be done,  
and the trespasses of the nations be forgiven.  
But that seer when he comes  
will hearken unto the counsels of humble men and of  
children,  
and glow with another flame which cannot be ever  
consumed.

## LXXXVIII

If you are shaping a poem, a will, or a nation,  
I beg of you, never rest satisfied.  
If you behold your work and feel that it cannot be  
bettered,  
I tell you a day shall come  
when it shall betray a fatal and irrevocable weakness.  
Thus did a prophet speak for the West and fail.  
You will never attain perfection,  
or you would not be human,  
but if you have the passionate sense of your failure  
after your sternest effort,  
you will have shaped a foundation  
which will bear my perfection when I bestow it  
upon you.

## LXXXIX

The world drifts on a tide of salt regret  
under an ashen sky.

And it has forgotten utterly its will,  
the noble seed I planted long ago.

And in the pulsing of my heart I hear  
the dull despair of all the conquered nations,  
the nations conquered by fire,  
and the nations conquered by pride.

If they would conquer themselves, they could be  
happy.

A hundredth part of the effort they put into warfare  
would win eternal peace for them and their children.  
When will they plant their garden and wait for its  
harvest?

I planted a garden two thousand years ago,  
but my seed lies dark and cold in its stony soil.

## XC

You surround your cities with troops and fortifications,

splitting your world into little lonely bodies.

And when you are strong enough you slay one another,  
and build other bodies that you may slay them in  
turn.

But I tell you now you have only one fort to build,  
the fort of the Holy Ghost which endures forever,  
the fort which no cannon can batter, no armies ever  
destroy.

And it must be built in your hearts,  
and riveted with the eternal bolts of the will

I have given you, that you may be firm and  
triumphant

over the hosts of Hell that fight in the streets of your  
body.

I give you my Name as a battle-cry  
and the sword of my pain to defend you.

Over the walls of doubt and fear, leap to the glad  
affray!



## XCI

You have debased my suffering for centuries,  
and thanked me because I was scourged and crowned  
with thorns,  
and spit upon and nailed to a cross and pierced with  
an iron spear,  
and you have enjoyed the pleasure of perversion  
in picturing my physical pain for you.  
And when you think of a Hell in which your enemies  
may suffer,  
it is a physical hell of sulphurous fire.  
But the body dies soon enough,  
and it is not so hard to die after all,  
as most of you have found in these years of warfare.  
It is pain of the spirit which I find hard to bear,  
the pain of your careless heartless isolation,  
the scourging and crucifixion of my will  
that you should enter my kingdom,  
your use of the godlike will I have set in your bosom,  
your wish that my soul should die in a land of  
strangers.  
When you kill your own will with laughter,  
you crucify mine, day after burning day.  
I burn every hour in the hell of your loneliness,  
and am not consumed.  
When will you let me return at last to my Father who  
is in Heaven,  
with the news that I have redeemed you all from the  
slavery of darkness,  
the news that you are marching with me at last  
to the doors of your golden citadel of light?

## XCII

Is there one little nation in all the world which will  
choose a saint as its ruler,  
and obey with joy his quiet unspoken commands?  
Why do you smile at my saints, and refuse them a  
voice in your councils?

And why do you turn aside when a statesman would  
utter my message?

You laughed at the lonely wisdom of Abraham Lincoln,  
and you have not hearkened yet to his silent pain.

Is there not one of your rulers who will take my cross  
from my shoulders?

Is there not one who is kingly, the servant of all my  
poor servants?

Seven hundred years ago St. Louis of France,  
a king by the right of his holy humility,  
went secretly on a journey to Perugia,  
and knocked at a gate and asked for my Brother Giles.  
And my Brother Giles came out,  
and they knelt in the street together,  
and silently gazed into each other's eyes,  
and wept and prayed.

And when one of your kings shall kneel alone on the  
stones of the Strand or the Corso,  
and pray for the grace to carry the cross of his people,  
I shall have greater hopes of his land's redemption,  
and I shall give him the power to rule their souls.

### XCIII

All of you are my children,  
and you have your virtues and failures.  
But if one of you is base,  
his virtues shall wither away into cancerous evils,  
and if one of you is sound,  
his failures shall be more triumphant than victories.  
Know yourselves first, for the man who knows he has  
failed,  
has learned the measure by which to attain my per-  
fection.  
But the man who rejoices because he is victorious,  
has forgotten the holy humanity of weakness,  
and the hour of his peril is terribly near at hand.

## XCIV

If your earthly king bids you unto a feast,  
you hasten with pride, and array yourselves in your  
finest garments,  
and tell of it to your friends for many days.  
And if your king summons you for your crimes to his  
throne of human judgment,  
you are brought to his feet in dark despair.  
Yet he is dust that is blown away in the evening,  
and troubles your eye on the windy morning road.  
But I am your heavenly king,  
and I bid you to sit at the feast of my joyous humility,  
and I bid you to bring your sins to my throne of mercy,  
with all the hope and faith in your hearts, and I shall  
free you gladly.  
Yet you are ashamed to know me, though I am flame.

## XCV

If you pass me upon your road,  
do you know whither I am bound?  
I am going to Versailles to be crucified again.  
You have sold me for thirty pieces of silver,  
and your soldiers are still casting lots for my torn  
garments,  
and I shall come again and be sold again.  
And so your world goes on.  
But while there is yet a chance, I would save you all.  
While one of you still remains unfound, I will con-  
tinue my journey.  
While one of you still wanders on in the night,  
I will die for his sake with gladness.  
And if one of you shall die for his friend,  
he shall have saved me a lifetime.

## XCVI

A word came out of the West and spoke to the nations.  
And the instrument of that word  
was a man whom the nations nailed to a cross on the  
hill of Versailles.

But his word shall rise from the tomb on the third day,  
and shape its will in the agony of your peoples.

And those who doubt shall see,  
and those whom you have slain shall be healed by  
their faith.

And the wind of that word shall level many kingdoms,  
and the fire of that word consume your ambition to  
ashes.

## XCVII

I am a fisher of men,  
and I bait my hook with gentle deeds of mercy.  
But you are fishermen of another kind,  
and you have baited your hook with my body and  
blood.  
You have offered your God as a snare to the contrite  
of heart,  
and slain their bodies and your own souls to gorge on  
them in your shambles.  
You may crucify me a thousand times for your soul's  
salvation,  
but do not eat my body and drink my blood  
to gratify your swinish gluttony.  
Yet even this I forgive, if you come home.

## XCVIII

They have taken away your Lord,  
and you know not where they have laid him.  
They have stolen away your ideal,  
and you are become as slaves  
who toil without cease because you fear to die.  
But I come to you to lift the stone from the tomb.  
I come to you with a promise.  
I come to you with a prayer.  
I come to herald a day,  
and to ask you to lend me a sunrise.  
I come with all that I have  
and with all you have ever desired,  
and I knock at your door  
and ask for a little pity.  
I bring you your heart and mine.  
I bring you the light of the dayspring.  
I bring you the world of all that your dreams have  
created.  
I bring you the world of all your forgotten dreams.  
Not a sunrise, a poem, a prayer,  
a picture, a song, a cathedral,  
not a smile nor a sigh,  
a birth nor a death nor a marriage,  
not a dream nor a hope,  
a victory nor a failure,  
not a triumph of beauty or love has been lost or  
forgotten.  
I come to restore them all in transfigured splendour,  
For I am the Friend who was lost and is now returned.  
The day is breaking at last out of utter darkness  
for those who have eyes to see or a heart to remember.



Out of the deep shall roll  
in terrible golden splendour,  
majestic, instant, slow, in a tide of silence,  
the awful march of the Syllables of God.  
To my right and left they shall form in their naked  
essence,  
full and round, shaped by my lonely passion,  
shaped as your bodies and souls are shaped  
by the word of my dread resemblance,  
my surging will embodied before the throne.  
And in your eyes the earth shall shrivel away  
to a dusty atom of forgotten failure,  
and the sun and the moon and the stars to motes of  
clay.  
And I shall set the firmament to sing in the walls of  
your bosom,  
and you shall rule its music with exultation.  
And there shall be no more time.  
And night shall pass.  
And you shall be burning stars of joy set in my heart  
forever,  
before whose splendour the seraphim shall bow.  
Or will you choose instead,  
my love, my dove, my anointed,  
the pitiful world of machines and shopworn pleasures,  
where lives are sold two for a penny or thrown away?









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